

PS 3505
.0863
L6
1900
Copy 1

Love, the Sovereign.

A Drama.

Geo. S. Cottman.



Love, the Sovereign.

A Drama.

Geo. S. Cottman.

G. S. COTTMAN, PRINTER,
IRVINGTON, IND.
1900.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

Library of Congress,
Office of the

JAN 4 - 1900

Register of Copyrights

PS3505
O263L6
1900

55850

Copyright, 1900,
By GEORGE S. COTTMAN.

31

SECOND COPY

616

Jan. 5. 1900.

To my fellow-members of
THE INDIANAPOLIS PORTFOLIO CLUB,
in token of pleasant comradery.

CHARACTERS:

*Tristram Boyd, leading,
Mr. Boyd, his father,
Professor Boyd, his uncle,
Mrs. Saxby, his aunt,
Gladys Saxby, his cousin,
Alonzo Hicks, Galdys' lover,*

(Boarders at Mrs. Joyce's country home.)

*Rebecca Joyce, leading,
Mrs. Joyce, her mother,
Jed, her foster brother,
Country boys and girls.*

Four Acts. Scene throughout, the Joyce home.

Love, the Sovereign.

ACT I—IDYLLIC.

*Interior of rustic summer house, covered with greenery.
Doorway center, revealing full depth of stage and landscape of meadow stretching from foreground and woods beyond. Cloth spread on ground and set with dishes.
Several ottomans and canvas stools scattered about.
Chorus without as curtain rises.*

SONG:

*"Oh, the merry chime of the summer-time,
In a blossom-laden grove!
Oh, the sweet love-words to the notes of birds,
As the blue sky bends above!
When the mowers come from hillside home,
And children toss the hay,
Till the blast of horn on breeze is born,
And echo sings 'Aye! aye!'"*

Following song is heard the whetting of scythes; then, as dialogue begins, half-a-dozen mowers, bending to their work, pass across foreground of meadow in a rhythmic line, visible for a moment through doorway. Accompanying this, the swish of the scythes, gradually dying away. Whirr of locust and occasional bird song heard throughout.

Enter Mrs. Saxby and Mrs. Joyce, bearing things which they place on cloth.

MRS. SAXBY—The mowers seem unusually merry this evening, do they not?

MRS. JOYCE—Yes; a day's hard work has little effect on their sturdy muscles when there's pleasure a-foot. They are looking forward to a grand time to-night.

MRS. S.—Indeed! And what is that?

MRS. J.—Why, haven't you heard? Jed has promised them a play-party and the barn is all cleared for it. If you never saw our old-fashioned games you will be interested.

MRS. S.—Yes, yes; no doubt. There! everything is ready when the young folks come with the hamper. Is every one notified? Where is Professor Boyd?

MRS. J.—Not far off, I guess. I saw him out there a moment ago chasing a bug with his net.

MRS. S.—And Tristram and Rebecca?

MRS. J.—They are out notifying the boys and girls of Jed's frolic, but they promised to be here sharply on time. Your nephew has made himself very popular here—every one likes him; he is so kind and sociable.

MRS. S.—(*dryly*) H'm, yes. More kind and sociable than wise, I fear. Mrs. Joyce, speaking of Jed again, what is his relation to you?

MRS. J.—He came to me years ago, a friendless waif. I gave him a home, and it has been bread cast upon the waters, for with his gratitude and faithfulness he has been a son to me and repaid me many times. Ah, if he had only taken to schooling! I would have had him polished, at least a little; but Jed loved only hard work with his little jokes and merry-makings between.

MRS. S.—Too bad! too bad! Mrs. Joyce, he thinks a great deal of your daughter.

MRS. J.—I hope not—not as you would seem to mean.

MRS. S.—Oh, but he does! Don't you think you ought to encourage it?

MRS. J.—And why, pray?

MRS. S.—Because—don't be offended, now; I mean only for the best—because it seems to me that a country-bred girl, especially one of unusual character, like your daughter, is in peculiar danger and is safer when once settled in life.

MRS. J.—And the danger, Mrs. Saxby?

MRS. S.—Is this: She is more than apt to fix her eyes on a station she cannot occupy. If this happens she will suffer grief. Is it not so?

MRS. J.—Yes, such result would doubtless follow if she made such a mistake (*turns away*).

Enter Gladys Saxby and Alonzo Hicks, the latter carrying hamper. Mrs. Joyce goes out.

HICKS—Ah, Miss Gladys, you didn't help carry the hamper at all! See how I toil for your sake.

GLADYS—For your own sake, you mean, Mr. Hicks. There could be no dinner unless the victuals were carried hither—and you carried them.

HICKS—Ah, now! Dear Madam, see how she uses me!

GLAD.—Heigho! Mamma, when are we going back home? Why do people want to leave the comforts and conveniences of the city and come out in the country among the bugs and things? The mosquitoes fairly feast off of me day and night——

HICKS—Ah, Miss Gladys, who could blame 'em?

GLAD.—And I never step out of doors but some horrid cow frightens me to death——

HICKS—“An' I met a man 'at led a grea' big cow 'at shooked her head.” Dear Miss Gladys, am I not always at hand?

GLAD.—Yes, dear Mr. Hicks; but how can a calf protect one from a cow? It only excites her and makes matters worse.

HICKS—Ah, now! Dear Madam, see how cruel she is!

MRS. S.—Dear! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why, you are positively rude to Mr. Hicks.

GLAD.—Oh, Mamma, when are we going back home? When are we going to have dinner?—or do you call this dinner? Why do we come out here to eat off the ground, like Hottentots?

MRS. S.—Why, dear, I thought a little picnic spread would be a pleasant change.

HICKS—(*busy himself about hamper*) Yes indeed! It reminds one of those delightful bucolics of Virgil. Did you ever read the Bucolics in the original, Miss Gladys?

GLAD.—No, I never was partial to colics in any form. A novel I'm reading speaks about the hero keeping Virgil all night. Who was he? Some sort of mendicant?

HICKS—Ho! ho! I guess that must be vigil you mean. No, Virgil was the great Latin poet—I learned all about him when I was in college. There's a beautiful passage in the Eclogues—

GLAD.—(*hiding a yawn*) Oh dear, I'm dying of ennui! Mammy, there goes a bug in the sugar bowl.

HICKS—Now I just call that cruel!

MRS. S.—Dear me, you young folks will be quarreling directly! Here, take this bucket to the spring and get some fresh water—both of you now. By the time you get back tea will be ready.

HICKS—Come on, Miss Gladys; it's a beautiful walk to the spring. I'll carry the pail.

MRS. S.—Go on, Gladys; you must go. You shan't be so rude to Mr. Hicks.

GLAD.—Go on ahead, Mr. Hicks—the path is not wide enough for two. If you see one of those wretched cows, bleat, so I may run back. (*Exeunt Gladys and Hicks*).

MRS. S.—(*solus*) Poor Mr. Hicks! He just adores the ground Gladys walks on. I wish she wouldn't treat him so. He's a very nice young man—not a great deal of force to be sure; but that doesn't make so very much difference when one has a comfortable fortune in his own right, as Mr. Hicks has. (*Busying herself*). Ah, I've seen enough of this marrying for love and reveling in poverty. I'm sure he'd make a most fond and indulgent husband. And a beautiful son-in-law—so tractable! (*Re-enter Mrs. Joyce*).

MRS. J.—All is ready now if the young folks were here. Where have Miss Gladys and Mr. Hicks gone?

MRS. S.—Just to the spring to get some water—

GLAD.—(*without, screaming*) Oh, Mr. Hicks! Mr. Hicks!

HICKS.—(*without, frantically*) Hey-out! hey-out! hoy! hoy there!

JED.—(*without*) Hoosh! Let that hog past!—W'at the Sam Hill's the matter 'ith you!

VOICE.—(*in distance*) Git onto the dude an' his bumper-

shoot! Look out, Mister, the hog'll bite you! (*Mowers laugh and shout. Mrs. Saxby, after looking out, runs about, wringing her hands.*)

MRS. S.—Oh, the pig! the pig! Gladys will be killed!

PROFESSOR BOYD—(*without*) Hu-oy! hu-oy! Look out for him Hicks! (*Re-enter Hicks, supporting Gladys, and flourishing parasol with ane hand.*)

GLAD.—Oh, I shall die! Oh!

HICKS—Do not! Look up! He's gone now—indeed he is! (*Gladys faints.*) Oh! oh! (*Enter Jed, rushing, bearing cudgel.*)

JED—W'at the blue blazes!—w'at did you turn that hog fer?

HICKS—(*shaking fist in Jed's face*) Confound your hog sir! and confound you! D'ye see what the pair of you have done? Give me some salt, quick! Here—do make 'em smell salt? (*Holds saltcellar to Gladys' nose.*)

JED—Wellibedadswitched! She hain't fainted?

MRS. S.—Oh, there is no water! (*Jed rushes off.*) Go way, Mr. Hicks, and leave her to us.

HICKS—No, no—she'd die on your hands—I wouldn't have it happen for the world. Oh! (*Mrs. Joyce dampens Gladys' face with cloth.*)

GLAD.—(*sitting up*) Go away and let me be. Help me up, Mr. Hicks. I'm disgusted!

HICKS—Ah! (*Rushes to help her. Jed re-enters hurriedly, with pail of water.*)

JED—Here—let me slosh this over her. Well, by gum! it wasn't nothin' after all. I never seen sech sap-heads.

HICKS—Dry up, sir. I tell you the beast would have torn the lady to pieces but for me.

JED—Tore your gran'mother's hind foot! Hear that galoot. You know a heap about shoats, you do.

HICKS—Bear in mind, sir, who you are talking to. Get out—go on away from us. (*Attempts to push Jed out. Jed kicks at him.*)

JED—Look'ee here, young feller! I wouldn't hit you no more'n I would a little sissy-gal, but by jiminy! you must know your place.

HICKS—Sir, do you kick at me? Do you kick at me with your foot?

JED—D'ye reckon I'd kick at you with my head, like a sheep? Say, w'y don't you have a pen and stay in it? By gum! I'll make a rail pen fer you ef you'll use it. [*Mrs. Joyce expostulates with Jed, and Mrs. Saxby and Gladys with Hicks. Jed shakes his head, muttering.*]

HICKS—But my dear ladies, it enrages me exceedingly.

JED—Lis'n at him.

GLAD.—Fie, fie, Mr. Hicks; remember your station. Here, sit down between Mamma and me. Fan me, Mr. Hicks. Oh, that dreadful fright! I shall die if I stay here long. Mamma, there's a wretched little bug trying to get into your sandwich. [*Enter Professor Boyd, exhausted, and fanning himself with hat. Laden down with insect net, specimen boxes, etc.*]

PROFESSOR—Dear me! I shall have to get a boy to do my running for me. I've been following up that hog to study him. Did you notice the froth at his mouth, Mr. Hicks? The wild hog, you know, is exceedingly savage, and this is a direct out-cropping of primitive qualities. The reversion to aboriginal forms is very rapid under certain conditions.

JED—Well, I've seen gillies an' gillies, but ef you folks ain't the gilliest! There hain't no better nor peacebler shoat in the neighborhood than that one o' mine, ef I do say it myself. He wouldn't hurt a flea—'cuz I've seen 'em jest live with him in brotherly love, as our preacher 'ud say. But I hain't got no time to fool this-a-way. I'm hongry, Mawm; gimme a snack an' let me go. There's a heap to do before quittin'-time, an' I must be with the boys.

MRS. J.—Yes, everything is ready. Mr. Boyd and Rebecca are not here, but we will wait no longer. [*Company*

seated about the cloth in various ways. Enter Tristram and Rebecca].

TRISTAM—Ha! behold the gormands! Shall we descend from the empyrean and be of the earth, earthy?

MRS. J.—A little later and you might have missed your victuals. You should observe the time closely if you wish to fare well.

TRIS.—Time was made for slaves, good madam, and without observing it I have fared well. I have been a weaver of flowers and skipped like a joyous Greek to the music of your daughter's laughter. Oh, it is good to live when the flowers bloom and the warm winds fan your cheek! [*Placing hand over Rebecca's eyes*] Tell me now, you who have nursed her in the cradle, what is the color of her eyes?

MRS. J.—Tut, you foolish boy! They are grey.

TRIS.—No, I vow they are blue, for I have spent the last hour matching them with the June skies.

JED—[*with both hands full, suddenly snorting with laughter*] Feard of a shoat! Well by gum, ef that don't take the cake!

TRIS.—Who has touched the spring and set Jed off? Laugh while you can, Mister, for when you have mixed that pickle and glass of buttermilk and the molly-grubs follow, you will laugh no more.

JED---Say, Tris, you know that speckled poland-chiny shoat o' mine with the stump tail 'at goes this-a-way? [*illustrates by wagging finger stiffly*].

TRIS.---Right well. He introduced himself the other day by eating some choice apples I had not gathered for him.

JED---Well, ef I do say it myself, there ain't a better-meanin' shoat anywheres. Well, he got out of his pen a w'ile ago an' made a break fer freedom, as a hog will, an' by gum you'd orter seen the ruction it made among these yere town folks! [*The line of mowers, moving in same direction as before, come into view again*].

HICKS—[*to Gladys*] 'Pon my word, this fellow ought to be beaten.

TRIS.—Ah, the grace and rhythm and strength of it! [*Calling*] Bend to it, boys! [*Mowers stop*].

THE LEADER—Hullo, Tris! Bully fer Tris! Give him three cheers an' a tager, boys. [*Mowers wave hats and cheer*].

TRIS.—[*bowing*] Gentlemen, this is the proudest moment of my life.

MOWERS—Speech! speech! speech!

TRIS.—[*in doorway*] Friends and fellow-citizens: when I say that it affords me unfeigned pleasure to address you on this auspicious occasion, I but feebly voice the profound sentiments of my inmost breast.

GLAD.—Inmost breast is good. That must be about the center of the thorax.

TRIS.—For why should not I, who only aspire to be an humble servant of the people, be at once flattered, honored and abashed at being thus called upon to display my poor powers before you, the lords and masters of this great and glorious republic?

ONE MOWER—That's the stuff!

TRIS.—My friends, I do not seek any office—fain would I put such honor from me, even as the great Washington put from him the kingly crown that sought his brow unasked, but if in your wisdom you should insist that I *must* serve—

ONE MOWER—Sure thing!

TRIS.—If by your votes you should press upon me a public trust, then will I follow your high behest and add the power of my strong right lung to the cause of the horny-jawed tons of soil whose high mission it is to make our mighty country the envy of tottering Europe, where the eagle of freedom soars athwart the battlements of heaven, and the star-spangled banner waves o'er the brave and the free in proud defiance of the tyrant kings of effete

peoples. Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind and patient attention.

MOWERS—Good enough! good enough!

JED—By gum, that's fine! That boy'll make his mark some day.

THE LEADER—I've seen shore-enough smart fellers 'at made a business of it, couldn't do better'n that. Say, Tris, there's a hog loose around here som'eres; seen anything of it? It's al'ays strayin' off.

TRIS.—Yes, it's just been here seeking whom it might devour.

THE LEADER—Step aside—'pears to me I see him in there [*shading his eyes and pointing at Jed*]. Yes, there he is, fellers!—that's shorely him.

TRIS.—Oh! I thought you meant the other one—the poland-china one with the stump tail.

JED—[*with mouth full*] Some folks has a bent one way, some another. Gab's your strong holt, but eatin's good enough fer me.

LEADER—How d'ye 'low he got in among folks that-away? See him fillin' his skin there an' us workin'. I call that purty durn mean. Well, so-long, Tris!—can't stay with you al'ays. [*All bend to their work and pass on*].

MRS. J.—Come, come, Mr. Boyd; your place is waiting for you.

TRIS.—[*reclining on ground*] Ah, luxury! to sip your tea in this fashion! The evening calm; the tinkling of distant cow bells—do you catch it all? [*To Rebecca*] Come, your place must not be vacant.

REBECCA—No, the mowers must have their lunch, too; I promised them a little treat—I must attend to it. [*Exit*].

TRIS.—A gracious reason, not to be caviled at; [*aside*] but oh, how my joy ebbs! How weary, flat, stale and unprofitable seem to me now all the uses of this company!

JED—There's Becky all over—al'ays lookin' out fer ever'body! That's the kind o' gal fer me—hain't got no

time to keel over ef a poor innercent shoat happens to come her way. (*Snorts with laughter*).

HICKS—(*glaring at Jed, but speaking to Gladys*) It is exceedingly difficult for me to contain myself.

JED—(*fiercely*) Hey! was you lookin' at me?

HICKS—(*falteringly*) S-sir!

MRS. J.—There, there, Jed!

JED—Law bless you Mawm, I wouldn't hurt the little feller, but I can't help havin' fun with him—I jest wanted to scare him. (*Going out*). Hoo-ey! hoo-ey! Peeg, peeg, peeg! (*Exit laughing*).

PROF.—(*who has been writing in note-book*) Has any one seen 'Harris on the Pig' about here? I wonder if he speaks of the reversive tendencies in swine.

HICKS—Little fellow! Scare me! I don't see how I restrained myself! If I wasn't a gentleman—if it had not been for the presence of you ladies——

GLAD.—Never mind, Mr. Hicks. *Noblesse oblige*, you know; it has always been that way.

HICKS—Yes, yes! That's it, exactly! I'm glad you see it that way.

MRS. J.—I must apologise for Jed. When you know him the goodness of his heart covers a multitude of things.

TRIS.—Jed needs no apology.

MRS. S.—Yes, we understand, we understand.

PROF.—Madam, I observe a peculiar dialectical form in the gentleman's speech which you and your daughter do not have. How would you account for that?

MRS. J.—Alas! Jed's speech is past accounting for. It has always been beyond cure—it seemed to fit him like a glove, and that has settled it.

PROF.—Ha! that is interesting. I wonder if that does not exemplify man's strong natural adhesion to primitive linguistic forms? This question of dialect and the laws governing it is destined to become a very important one in philology.

GLAD.—Dear, dear, I hope not! One has to know something about the things that are in vogue, and it's becoming positively killing. I used to think Browning was hard to dabble around in, but since dialect came in I have almost given up in despair. And yet what is one to do? We must be intellectual—it's our duty.

TRIS.—And yet it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. In the midst of your affliction you should remember that in the past dozen years no less than a half-million people have supported themselves and their wives and children by converting dialect into reading matter.

PROF.—Dear me, no! Where did you get that statement? Is it a matter of statistics, Tristam?

TRIS.—I suppose so—there's no earthly doubt about it.

PROF.—H'm, I must look into that. (*Writing in notebook*) Note: dialectical resources as a mercantile factor in literature.

MRS. J.—There is no further need for me now, and I will go. Ring the little bell if anything is wanted. (*Exit.*)

HICKS—(*irrelevantly*) I suppose one oughtn't notice such a fellow, but it makes my blood boil.

GLAD.—(*after a pause*) Now, Mamma, I think it is time you should speak.

MRS. S.—Tristam, your conduct with Rebecca is far from what it should be. Do you realize that?

TRIS.—(*coldly*) It is news to me—I was innocent of that knowledge.

GLAD.—Tristam Boyd, you are deliberately, scandalously making love to our boarding-house-keeper's daughter, and she is accepting it. Is that as it should be?

TRIS.—I will match the question with another. I tell no secret when I say that my cousin herself is being somewhat scandalously made love to, and is accepting it. Is that, under the circumstances, as it should be?

HICKS—Oh, but that's different, you know!

TRIS.—I trust so—yes, I trust there is a difference.

GLAD.—Tristram Boyd, you are a horrid, hateful thing!

TRIS.—Doubtless so—if you were an own dear sister you could hardly be more frank; but that shoots wide of the mark. In *your* answer see that you honor your conscience as well as I shall honor mine.

MRS. S.—Tristram, hear reason. Your unrestrained gallantries would scarce be permissible even with a woman used to the ways of the world. Rebecca is a guileless girl, too innocent for flirtation, and will not take it as such. You know that, do you not?

TRIS.—Know that? Who should know it better? What you say is true.

MRS. S.—(*excitedly*) Well, what then! what then! Why do you do so?

TRIS.—Your question, too, I will answer with another. Suppose—suppose, I say—that this which you call a flirtation is not a flirtation—what then?

GLAD.—Cousin Tristram Boyd do you mean to sit there and tell us that you are in love with her, and that you will want to marry her and take her to your home, and all that kind of thing? I'm aghast!

TRIS.—Indeed, I have not gone quite so far with my confidences; nor am I apt to. While the topic is on let all be said—my ears are open.

MRS. S.—Tristram, such an idea will never do for a minute!—it's absurd! Gladys and I are your cousin and aunt, and we protest.

TRIS.—My cousin and aunt no doubt mean well. I thank them.

HICKS—What! go into a family with that vulgar ruffian! What are you thinking of, Boyd? It's absurd to give it a second thought, I know, but I never could brook insolence—my nature's too fiery.

MRS. S.—(*irritably*) Professor, why do you sit there without a word? Do you see how things are drifting with this foolish boy?

PROF.—(*who has been calmly eating; absently*) How? What is it?

MRS. S.—What do you think of our nephew having a love escapade with the landlady's daughter?

PROF.—What nephew?

MRS. S.—How many nephews have you here? Tristram, to be sure.

PROF.—(*still eating*) From your aunt's tone I judge the charge must be serious. What have you to say, Tristram?

TRIS.—Nothing whatever; the *saying* is all on the other side. Apply there for information, Uncle.

PROF.—It's all meaningless to me. If you could resolve your question into abstractions—into general propositions, it may be I could help you.

MRS. S.—(*sarcastically*) Well then, to put it in simple and comprehensible form, what is the natural barrier between social classes? What is the meaning of caste?

PROF.—Ha! that sounds like sense! (*Stops eating*). Social distinctions doubtless have their roots deep in the plasmic forces. In the process of social differentiation, I take it—though mind you, I do not want to be quoted as speaking authoritatively, for I have not specialized on this subject;—but as I take it, I say, the unequal distribution of wealth and power in this differentiating process establish varying opportunities which result in varying developments, and from these must result classes. Indeed, the accepted definition of evolution sustains this at every point, for as evolution is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter progresses from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, so must this special form of evolution conform to the general law. Yes, there must be social classes and distinctions.

Mrs. S.—I told you so! I told you so!

TRIS.—No, your memory is at fault. I protest that never till this moment did I know this.

HICKS—It's all clear and straight as the Gospel, Boyd; you and I are so widely separated from a coarse fellow like that—that—*farmer*, that there's no mixing at all.

PROF.—And yet, mark you, in the social world the principle becomes exceedingly complex, because ethical forces are intruded and new lines of cohesion are thrown out from class to class which would seem to bind these various ganglia together in a common plexus.

TRIS.—(*as song begins without*) Hark!

SONG BY MOWERS:

*"See the whistling farmer boy
Tramp the meadow through,
And swing his hoe in careless joy,
While dashing off the dew;
Bob-o'-link in maple high,
Trills his notes of glee,
Farmer boy a gay reply
Then whistles cheerily."*

Strain is whistled, after which scythes are whetted as Tristram speaks.

TRIS.—(*having risen*) Uncle, look forth and note the glorious largeness and freedom of earth and sky, of fields and groves. Note how sweetly peaceful a summer's day can die here in the country stillness.

MOWERS—(*without*) Hurrah fer Becky! Becky ferever! Becky's our gal!

Rebecca comes into view bearing a basket and pitcher, the mowers following after and bleating like sheep. She puts down pitcher, then motions, and they seat themselves on the ground in a semi-circle.

TRIS.—Note, too, those simple toilers, so happy amid their toil—Nature and Nature's children! (*Rebecca hands cups around and pours from her pitcher. Jed enters background scene*).

THE LEADER—Time to feed the animules! Oh, ain't it nice to be a animule w'en you're tuck care of this way?

(*Jed steals up behind Rebecca and tries to get his hand slyly into the basket*). Here, pig! you ain't in it I say! Bill, take this club an' keep that shoat off. (*Hands cudgel to mower, who gets up and drives Jed off*).

ANOTHER—Ef any man thinks we wouldn't fight fer Becky, let him come an' say so. (*Rebecca takes food from basket and passes it around*).

TRIS.—And yonder also, Uncle, you may see a young girl, light and graceful as one of Nature's wild creatures, pure as the dew, and even now bent on kindly deeds. To those rude men she is an angel. This is not the world that I was raised in—by a misfit of fate I am of another class, but—mark it, Uncle!—a “line of cohesion is thrown out, reaching from class to class.” There will be fierce tugging, my aunt and cousin, ere the bond breaks!

CURTAIN.

ACT II—THE CONFESSION.

Interior of a barn, hay hanging from mows on either side. Entrance from stable on right; large doorway center. One or two settles or benches. Hay on floor at sides. Old harness, etc., hanging about on pegs. Scene lighted by lanterns. Professor B., Mrs. Saxby, Gladys, Hicks, Tristram and Jed on; last two in game. Boys and girls, in figure and step somewhat resembling quadrille, singing as curtain rises.

SONG:

*"Just from Shiloh, skiptumaloo,
Just from Shiloh, skiptumaloo,
Just from Shiloh, skiptumaloo,
Skiptumaloo, my darling!*

This repeated, after which they form a circle, alternate boy and girl, and fall into a lively step, polka, half turn, boy swinging partner at last line of song.

SONG:

*"Keep one window tidy oh,
Keep two windows tidy oh,
Keep three windows tidy oh,
Jingle at the window, tidy oh!
Jingle at the window, tidy oh!"*

JED—(*clapping hands*) Breathe a spell, folks! (*Game stops and players disperse*). Haw! haw! How does this shenanegan ketch you town jakes?—tain't much like your city balls, I reckon.

HICKS—(*to Gladys*) How insufferably coarse that fellow is!—I cant abide him.

TRIS.—"Folks in town, I reckon, thinks—They git all the fun they air—Runnin' loose 'round, but, I jinks!—We got fun, an' fun to spare."

PROF.—All this is very interesting. It is a striking proof of the evolutionary process in social customs, and shows the native tendency of the untutored man to express

himself in rhythmic forms. Take any of the early races—take the song and dance of the ancient Hebrews—

TRIS.—Why, Uncle, I didn't know the old Hebrews did the song and dance.

MRS. S.—Tristram, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

PROF.—Certainly they did—certainly. And so rhythmic phonation with its accompanying muscular action appears all along the line. Is that clear? and do you not see how these rude revelings are directly antecedent to the more refined forms of our modern dancing. (*To one player*) Hey, my good fellow! won't you just go through some of those steps again? I want to see how closely they correspond to the modern dancing forms.

PLAYER—(*to another one, after staring at the Professor*) Does that galoot take me fer a jump-jack, to kick up my laigs w'en he pulls the string?

THE OTHER—Haw! haw! haw! (*Pass on*).

PROF.—There are data here—I must make some observations. (*Moves about with note-book in hand. Players paired off, some passing in and out, some seated on hay, etc. Mrs. S. and Gladys on settle near front, Hicks near by. Tristram among players*).

GLAD.—So this the way Phyllis and her swain do their merry-making! Well, they know how to get their money's worth, at any rate. (*Edging away from Hicks, who stands very close*) Mr. Hicks, please go get me some water.

HICKS—(*eagerly*) Shan't I walk with you to the spring; it's beautiful outside.

GLAD.—(*impatiently*) No, no, no!—there's dew on the grass. Do go get the water, Mr. Hicks.

HICKS—Certainly, certainly, Miss Gladys! (*Going*).

GLAD.—Mind you, Mr. Hicks, I prefer a thin flowered tumbler, no matter how hard it is to find.

HICKS—All right, Miss Gladys; all right. (*Exit*).

MRS. S.—(*severely*) Gladys, your way of treating Mr. Hicks is scandalous—imprudent.

GLAD.—(*laughing*) Imprudent! Yes, that is a good word. I know, mamma, I know.

MRS. S.—the poor man adores you——

GLAD.—But the poor man is *such* a bore!

MRS. S.—And is deserving of better usage. You should value his regard more highly.

GLAD.—Yes, I know, mamma, I know! How much did Mr. Hicks once tell us he was prospectively worth?—nearly a hundred thousand, wasn't it?

MRS. S.—Dear, I was not saying anything about his money, was I?

GLAD.—No, no, Mamma—certainly not. Tristram is as much at home among those rustic hoydens as if he were to the manor born. What plebeian instincts he has!

TRIS.—(*who is reclining on hay with group of boys and girls around him*) Well, then, let's draw straws for it. The girl that gets the longest piece will have to be my partner the next game. (*Puts bits of hay between thumb and finger. Girls draw.*)

ONE GIRL—Kit Carter's got the long piece!

ANOTHER—Oh, I ain't either! (*Throws piece away and hides face giggling.*)

TRIS.—Ah, Kitty, you are mine!

MRS. S.—We were talking about Mr. Hicks, dear.

GLAD.—Were we? Oh yes! Well, what about him, Marmee?

MRS. S.—I say you must guard against this rudeness of yours. Remember, you are a lady.

GLAD.—Yes, I know. Say, Mamma, when you were young and—beautiful and—unsophisticated, were you ever made love to by a hundred-thousand-dollar man?

MRS. S.—The things you imply, Miss, are impudent. As to the other—no; I never was so fortunate as that.

GLAD.—Well, it's quite an experience, but very trying. Still, I suppose we all have to render an equivalent for the things we get in this world, and a hundred thousand dol-

lars is not to be had for nothing. Dear me, that water! Do you suppose Mr. Hicks has tumbled in the spring? That would be a sad fate for a man who is worth so much.

MRS. S.—Gladys, how shockingly you talk! It is but the part of prudence for a woman to think of the things that make life worth living. She is bred to her needs and they continue with her to the last.

GLAD.—Yes, yes; and there are so many of them, from the pin in her hat to the slipper on her foot, all changing with every change of the moon. And that is only a tithe. Think what life would be without society——

TRIS.—(*who has come up behind*) With its women made beautiful in spite of Nature, and its lovely men in spike-tailed coats—ah, think o' that!

GLAD.—Exactly; I see you appreciate the situation. Think what it would be without its exciting efforts to be *au fait* and up to date——

TRIS.—And then all the little delicacies and dainties: the Havana fillers for Cholly and the bon-bons for Birdie.

GLAD.—It is plain that one cannot have these things without money. Mater, do you suppose when we go to heaven and have everything we want we will have to worry over the money part of it?

TRIS.—There'll be one way less to get it, at any rate: there's no marrying or giving in marriage there.

GLAD.—(*shrugging*) Mr. Boyd, you'll find company more to your taste over there (*motioning toward players*).

MRS. S.—Gladys, don't you indulge in levity if he does. It's wicked—I'm sure any minister would tell you that such talk is downright wicked.

TRIS.—Far be it from me to fly in the face of a specialist in his own bailiwick!

GLAD.—But I never was more serious. The thought of doing without these things is as terrible as the thought of going into the cold ground, and that gives me an ague. If ever I die, Marmee, I want a casket lined with red

plush—it looks so warm and comfortable—don't you think?

MRS. S.—Gladys, how can you!

TRIS.—(*going*) But red plush is not the fashion, Cuz—how will you get around that?

JED—You dassn't do it, Jack! you dassn't kiss her!

OTHER BOYS—Kiss her! Kiss her, Jack. (*Girl runs out, chased by one of the boys, all the others, including Tristam, following*).

MRS. S.—Horrors! See the manners of those aborigines!

GLAD.—I think that's rather nice. Why can't we upper classes enjoy ourselves that way without having wretched scandals? It's plain that these people have the advantage over us. I suppose Tristam has tasted every girl on the premises. Why should he enjoy privileges I do not have?

MRS. S.—Gladys, what on earth is getting the matter with you? (*Rises*). Here comes Mr. Hicks back—how kind and accommodating he is! You must be more civil to him, dear. (*Enter Hicks, carrying glass of water*.)

GLAD.—(*aside, sighing*) Oh, dear! it's a hard way to earn one's money.

MRS. S.—(*to Hicks as she passes him, going out*) Don't be offended at Gladys' brusque ways—she means nothing by them. (*Exit, leaving stage to Gladys and Hicks*.)

HICKS—Ah, dear Madam—(*to Gladys, proffering glass*) Here is the water, Miss Gladys, fresh and sparkling from Nature's fount. Just the kind of glass you wanted, too.

GLAD.—Dear me! I had quite forgotten about it. I wonder how I came to send you. Did I say what I wanted it for, Mr. Hicks?

HICKS—Ah, now, you are offended. Did I stay too long? Indeed, I did not mean to. Pray pardon me, won't you Miss Gladys? for staying so long.

GLAD.—Yes, yes; dismiss it from your mind, Mr. Hicks. I freely forgive you for staying.

HICKS—How kind!

GLAD.—(*with glass*) I saw in the paper the other day

that if you steeped hay in water it made something or other—little bugs, or spontaneous combustion, or something. Mr. Hicks, twist me up a wisp of hay to steep in the water.

HICKS—(*while twisting hay*) Your mother thought I was offended with you, Miss Gladys, but I wasn't.

GLAD.—And why should you be offended, pray?

HICKS—Why, I—er—no reason at all! no reason at all!

GLAD.—Mr. Hicks, you think I am not very amiable.

HICKS—No, no—certainly not!

GLAD.—Indeed! Well, you are frank, at any rate.

HICKS—Oh, Miss Gladys, I didn't mean that! I meant I didn't think.

GLAD.—Oh! Well, did I accuse you of thinking?

HICKS—No, no; certainly not. (*Awkward pause*).

GLAD.—Did the farmer out there get to kiss his girl?

HICKS—Yes, yes; right before everybody. Horridly familiar, don't you think!

GLAD.—Oh, I don't know.

HICKS—(*staring; aside*) I wonder—I wonder if she approves that sort of thing. (*Another awkward pause*).

GLAD.—Mr. Hicks, what do you think of this? (*indicating surroundings*).

HICKS—(*relieved*) Ah, I think it is charming! romantic! So like the things you read about, you know. I'm sure you must like it.

GLAD.—Indeed I do not. The hay is fairly alive with bugs, and I just know the horrid mice and things are peeping at me from every dark corner.

HICKS—Why, Miss Gladys, don't you know when I met you at our last art exhibit how many old barns there were, and how you admired them?

GLAD.—Yes, but that is different. Art, they say, is Nature plus the artist, and when an old barn is passed through the crucible of the artist's imagination it's quite another thing. What are your views on that important question?

HICKS—Yes, I see; how finely you set it forth. I see.

GLAD.—Which is the nicer, Mr. Hicks, the artist's barn or the farmer's barn? I'm getting a statistical list of opinions and I'm particularly anxious for yours.

HICKS—My opinion? How kind! My opinion is exactly the same as yours. After your exposition of it I hardly see how it is possible to think otherwise.

GLAD.—How perfectly delighted I am to have your real, bona fide opinion! You see, do you not, Mr. Hicks, how important it is for one to have correct views on this matter?

HICKS—Yes indeed! yes indeed! (*Aside*) How wonderfully she draws me out! I didn't know I could talk so well on deep matters.

GLAD.—Let me see—as I understand, then, you are for the artist's barn.

HICKS—I-er—I believe that was it—yes, assuredly.

GLAD.—And yet there are some things about the real barn: as you say, it is romantic. Do you know, Mr. Hicks, I should think it would be charming to be made love to in a quiet, dark old barn, with the mystic shadows all about (*aside*), and the dear little mice and rats gibbering at you the while.

HICKS—(*aghast*) Oh, Miss Gladys! (*Aside*) Can it be—can it be she is wooing me? Oh, Miss Gladys, do you mean it?

GLAD.—Why, Mr. Hicks, I'm surprised. Do you discredit my word? (*Pause*). Do you think I have no soul or sentiment?

HICKS—(*aside*) Yes, it must be! Oh, Miss Gladys!—(*suddenly drops on knees. Pause, during which his eyes are fixed on her face*).

GLAD.—(*aside*) Horrible! horrible! To have a great creature moon at you that way! Mr. Hicks, you seem distressed—is there anything I can do?

HICKS—Ah, only to kiss your hand!

GLAD.—It would be unfeeling of me, indeed, to refuse so simple a remedy (*giving hand*).

HICKS—(*kissing her palm repeatedly*) Ah, this dear hand! This dear, dear little hand!

GLAD.—(*aside*) Co boss! co boss! That is exactly the way Rebecca feeds salt to her pet calf. Mr. Hicks, pretend to be looking for something, quick! Someone is here.

HICKS—(*stupidly*) Eh—how! (*Tristram appears at c. d. Hicks, dropping to all fours, scans the floor*). I—I can't find it, Miss Gladys. It's strange where it could have gone.

TRIS.—(*taking down lantern and holding it to the floor*) Maybe it rolled under the settle, Hicks. Did you feel under the hay? (*Hick crawls about, feeling here and there*).

GLAD.—(*bursting into laughter*) Oh, I shall die!

HICKS—(*rising in a passion*) Boyd, go way, you stupid dolt! What business have you got here? Who told you to come? Take that light away!

TRIS.—(*humbly*) Why, Hicks, I only wanted to assist you. You should have put up a "no admittance" card at the door—how did I know?

GLAD.—(*laughing again*) Oh, I shall die; I know I shall! Excuse me, gentleman—I must leave you. (*Going*).

HICKS—You are not going out alone, Miss Gladys? I must keep you company—I insist on it.

GLAD.—Oh, but you mustn't insist with me, Mr. Hicks. People are always trying that and always failing. (*Exit, leaving Hicks standing undecided*).

TRIS.—(*putting lantern back*) Hicks, you are a fool.

HICKS—And you, sir, are a-a— What do you mean, sir? You are rude, sir!

TRIS.—Look here, Hicks, you are desperately in love with my cousin.

HICKS—Ah, how did you come to suspect that?

TRIS.—Strange, isn't it? that I should suspect it; but I have a wonderful instinct for guessing.

HICKS—You must have. Yes, it's true. I'm afraid

you don't approve of it. Old boy, I'm not such a bad match: I have excellent standing in society, and I'm not unfit for her—I'm in her class, you know. Then I have plenty of money, or will have as soon as my mamma dies.

TRIS.—Well, Hicks, I am your friend—tell me the things about her that feed this consuming passion of yours.

HICKS—(*shaking T's hand effusively*) Thank you, old man! thank you! What things feed my passion? Ah, think of her—so majestic! so queenly! so beautiful and cultured! so unapproachable!—ah!

TRIS.—Well, far be it from me to deny her virtues. But what of it all? Will you barter your manhood for it? Will you give your all for the mere exterior of a fine woman, so that you can exhibit her abroad as your wife? For the sake of a few privileges grudgingly given will you stand on the outskirts of her regard feeding on what happens to come your way, like a dog begging scraps? In the name of our common manhood, shame! I say. When a woman uses you for her amusement like a boy plucking a fly to pieces in sheer cruelty, scorn her then and forevermore—it is your only safe course.

HICKS—No, no, no, Boyd; it isn't that way at all! You don't understand it—you don't know what love is——

TRIS.—(*impatiently*) Well, well; let it go! Will you have her at any price?

HICKS—(*sentimentally*) Ah, she is all the world to me! What price would I not lay at her dear feet!

TRIS.—(*turning away*) So be it; Nature will have her way in spite of men or gods. (*Re-enter players, followed by Professor Boyd*).

JED—Here we are, all ready fer Chase the Squir'l. Lively now, boys!

TRIS.—Shake 'em up, Jed! Here, Kitty, you belong to me. (*All pair off*).

PROF.—That's right—you can help me, Tristram. Make these people forget everything but themselves and be per-

fectly natural. There are really more data here than I thought for. (*Moves about with note-book*).

Boys and girls, respectively, form into two parallel lines, facing each other. Girl, followed by boy, marches up between lines, returning, she behind girls, he behind boys; this repeated with increasing speed, he trying to catch her at the turns. Others keep time by clapping of hands, the boys also by stamping of feet, and all sing.

SONG:

*"Chase the squirrel, if you please,
Chase the squirrel, if you please,
Chase the squirrel, if you please,
And catch your love so handy.*

*A little faster, if you please,
A little faster, if you please,
A little faster, if you please,
And catch your love so handy."*

Repeat once or twice. Boy catches girl and kisses her. Song changes as both walk together between the lines, separate and return back of lines, as before, and meet again at near end.

SONG:

*"Oh, yonder comes my sweet-heart, and how do you do?
And how have you been since I last saw you?
The war is all over, and peace is in the land;
Can't you wish us joy by the raising of your hand?"*

Players raise joined hands to make an arched passage down which the couple walk to their places at the foot.

PROF.—(to Tristram) Is this promiscuous osculation one of their customs?

TRIS.—Yes, you sample the girls like you do apples. Each one has her own flavor, and the last is always the sweetest. Come and try it, uncle (*trying to draw him in*).

PROF.—(*backing off, alarmed*) No, no! But go on—

I will make some notes. (*Enter Mrs. Joyce and Rebecca*).

MRS. J.—Stop your playing—supper is ready.

JED—(*clapping hands*) Supper! Old-fashioned corn pone to-night, folks, along with your fried chicken.

PROF.—Corn pone! What is that?

JED—Lud, I dunno—it's jest corn pone. Go in an' see. (*To players, who are scattering, boys and girls each to themselves*) Here, no mudsill business! Pair off, I say! Bill Tutewiler, don't you go sneakin' off alone like you'd been suckin' aigs. Choose your gals—they won't hurt you. Jack Wonnell, take Sue Carrol—we all know she's the one you want. (*Pushes the boys here and there and gets them distributed among the girls*).

MRS. J.—Rebecca, there will be plenty of help at the table; you must take a little rest—you have been moving all day. Jed, some of us must wait till the second table—will you be one?

JED—All right, Mawm—certainly. Toe be shore.

TRIS.—No, no! Jed has been making space for that supper and counting on the flow of soul that goes with it. He has earned the joy thereof, and he shall have my place.

MRS. J.—We could not hear to that, Mr. Boyd.

TRIS.—Oh, but you must humor me—I am a law unto myself and must have my way. Your choice, now, between an empty chair and jolly Jed to rule the feast.

JED—I won't have you wait, Tris; go on in.

TRIS.—Ha! how you waste the precious moments! Here, shall we toss for it? (*with coin*). Heads I stay; will you have tails?

JED—Let 'er go! (*Tris. tosses*). Heads it is. (*Goes out, unwillingly. Boys and girls have gone out in pairs, Professor B. following, note-book in hand*).

MRS. J.—Well, as you will—I haven't time to argue the question. (*Exit, leaving stage to Tristram and Rebecca*).

REBECCA—I ought to go, too—I know they will need me (*toward door*).

TRIS.—(*intercepting her and taking hand*) No, no, no! The moments I can have with you are too few—too much to me to be so lost. You are always escaping me, my woodland nymph! (*Down center*) While others feed grossly let there be for me a happy, happy feasting of the spirit. Rebecca you are to others, but Re you shall be to me—the one little syllable Re. It has a tender and cuddling sound. And so Rebecca Joyce shall become Re-Joyce—I like that name. (*Puts arm about her*).

RE.—(*seeking to escape from him*) Mr. Boyd!

TRIS.—Not that cold formality! Let it be Tristam (*turning her face toward him*)—let me hear you speak it.

RE.—(*shyly*) Tristam. (*Still seeks to draw away*).

TRIS.—Is this captivity so unwelcome? Re, we have read the message in each other's eyes—we have stood soul to soul in unconfessed joy. Why flutter so in this cage, my bird? Speak to me, Re—look in my face and speak to me. Why fear to give your heart its way?—will nothing draw it from its deep hiding? Oh, I have been waiting, waiting, waiting, and now you *must* speak.

RE.—(*suddenly turning and looking into his face, her hands holding him away*) Yes, I will speak. Oh, do not—you will be sorry, some day! Tristam, I am but a simple country girl, far, far below you every way; but such a one may be deeper, wiser than you know. In the long, long hours between the dawn and dusk, when the hands are busy and the mind is free, come many thoughts, and out of the heart come many lessons. We have our souls to keep white. Tristam, would you dally—would you have me play, with my sacred womanhood? What can I be to you! Your world is not my world—shall I let myself forget that for one moment? What can I be to you! Though I love—if I loved you, should I let my heart out for a play-thing for the sake of a few happy hours? What can I be to you!

TRIS.—Re, Re; hear me——

RE.—Oh, Tristam, you are kind, you are generous, you

are noble—do you not see how it is? Help me! save me!

TRIS.—Save you? From what, my girl? Are you not mine?—am I not yours? Save you from what?

RE.—From—myself! (*Trying to unlock his fingers*)
Let go your clasp—please, please, Tristram! (*Mrs. Saxby appears for an instant at door, then withdraws*).

TRIS.—Release my clasp when your love has thus leapt to meet mine mocking at your will! Oh, you are locked in bonds of steel. Your sacred womanhood! Your heart a plaything! Listen to me Re—I love you—I love you now and for time to be with such a love as can come unblushing seeking your pure soul. God witness—God be thanked, it is the love of a man, and it will battle for its own with a man's strength. Oh, Re, my loved one, my little woman, let there be full confession between us! Come to me! Ask no questions of the future, but come! Nay, you are powerless, I say; closer—closer to my heart! (*Re. with a sob, suddenly yields. Enter Jed, r. Picture. Jed comes down, lays a hand on each, and, as they start apart, steps between*).

JED—Becky, your mother wants you at the house.

TRIS.—Yes, leave us, please. (*Rebecca, with drooping head, goes slowly out. Pause*).

JED—Tris Boyd, I thought a heap o' you—I thought you was fair an' square, an' ef any man had said you wasn't I'd a fit fer you. W'at 'a you got to say fer yourself? Don't try to carry it off cool—don't try to ride it over me with fine words, 'cuz I'll none o' that. Ef a girl with a han'-some face lives in the country an' ain't learned to take care of herself hain't you got respect fer the sake o' your mother to let her be? Hain't she the common right to live in peace but you must hunt her out fer your plaything? Oh, to think o' my Becky, my little gal bein' played with an' her heart stole to be tramped under foot!

TRIS.—Jed, you love Rebecca?

JED—W'at's that to you? Oh, she wasn't like the rest—

there was no other one like her. No man das't tech her lips or lay his hand on her no more than a angel, an' she's come to your arms like a pet lamb. You've stole her heart like a thief, an' now come w'at will, there's trouble an' grief fer her.

TRIS.—Jed, you love her—say so frankly.

JED—Love her! Damn you, yes! but not to marry her. D'ye think I didn't know she was funder above me than the stars. It was enough fer me to be near her—to be good to her an' see 'at no harm come to her. By the good day! ef fightin' would mend matters it 'ud go hard with you, Tris Boyd. Oh, there was no other one like her, an' there never will be.

TRIS.—If you find so much in her to love can you not have charity for me? For me, too, there will never be another like her—I also love her.

JED—You? Don't try to play me off. That's a lie!

TRIS.—Jed, you are abusing me. Listen! I love her with a love as pure as yours—as holy as hers for me. Why do you curse me off-hand for a villain? I *love* her—*love* her, I say. If her heart has unfurled its petals to that passion like a flower to the sun, what then? The flower is mine; should I not pluck it? (*With hand on Jed's shoulder*) Oh, Jed, I know now how it is with you—but I have not meant to rob you. Not I, but something over and above me has brought this to pass. If she has come to my arms like a lamb what would you have me do?

JED—(*fetching a turn*) Tris Boyd, answer me fair an' square: Do you mean right by her? Do you mean to marry her an' give her a home among your grand folks?

TRIS.—As heaven has given her to me I mean that she shall be my wife. Wherever I give her a home, love will be the sovereign—my love for her, her love for me. It may be among my grand folks, it may be elsewhere. (*Rebecca, who has entered at last lines, comes down and takes Jed's hand*).

RE.—Dear Jed, I listened, for I had the right. I have heard your words—your confession, Jed. What can I say? Ah, you who have been my kindest friend, my brother—surely you will understand me now.

JED—(*after pause*) Becky, I've been your—your brother more'n a dozen years now. From the time I drewed you to school on your little sied—Oh, ef I'd a knowed! Ef I'd a knowed an' gone to school too!—

RE.—(*gently*) Jed! Jed!

JED—Well, let that go. Ever sence them days, Becky, w'en that little girl ust to run to meet me an' put her soft arms about my neck, an'—kiss me, sometimes, I've felt that this yere world was a good place to live in. Ever sence then I've made it a pint to look out fer her best good—there was never anything I wanted so much as the thing that was best fer you. Did you know that?

RE.—Did I know that? Dear old Jed! did you think I was blind to it? Yes, I knew that.

JED—Becky, it's so yet.

Stepping close she draws down his head and kisses his brow. As she turns away he drops to his knee and, catching her gown, touches it to his lips. CURTAIN.

After a few seconds, Curtain Re-rises; players re-entering; all on. Hicks hands letter to Tristam.

HICKS—Boyd, here's a letter someone brought from the postoffice and left at the house—from your fatther, I guess.

TRIS.—(*opens letter and reads*) “Son Tristam: Your vacation must come to an end. I will be down there to-morrow. Be ready to accompany me back to the city. I have prospects for you. Your Father.”

CURTAIN

As players, to the figure and step of Virginia reel, sing:

*“Do ce do to your best liking,
Do ce do to your best liking,
Do ce do to your best liking,
Swing your love so handy!”*

ACT III—THE RENUNCIATION.

Out-of-door setting; yard of farm-house. Practical trees and rustic seat; well-hood and windlass, basin, towel, etc.; farm-bell on tall post. Farm-house at left and two entrances, one by door and other up. Entrance r.

Enter Professor Boyd and Tristram, former with insect net, etc.

PROF.—(*looking about for insects, with net ready*) Well, Tristram, I don't see the cause for your agitation. If your father wants you to go back to the city, what of it? To be sure it is pleasant here, but you must go some time.

TRIS.—But, my good Uncle Professor, why *won't* you understand my quandary? You must know about Rebecca and me. My aunt knows it—has she not told you?

PROF.—Your aunt? She was telling me something—what was it? Oh!—she saw you hugging Rebecca in the barn last night, or something. I must say that was very indiscreet, Tristram.

TRIS.—(*aside*) Sacrilegious wretches! Uncle, I had a right to do what I did—Rebecca is mine.

PROF.—Yours? What constitutes the ownership, pray?

TRIS.—I love her and she loves me—that among lovers constitutes ownership. Oh, Uncle! listen—(*Prof. makes a dive with his net, then looks in it*).

PROF.—(*excitedly*) Look! look! Tristram! A genuine *Libythea bachmani*—the first specimen I have secured this season (*taking butterfly out*). Ah, just look at him! Next to an *Argynnis Diana* I wanted a fine Bachman. Look, Tristram, at the strange beak-like formation of those *labial palpi*—

TRIS.—(*impatiently*) Uncle!

PROF.—Ah, yes—you were about to say something. (*Looking at butterfly*) Ah, what a beauty! It's too bad, Tristram, you have such a poverty of interests. Well, mutual affection between two persons constitute ownership,

I believe was your proposition. I doubt that—I do not think it will bear examination.

TRIS.—In lovers' parlance, I said. I do not expect so learned a man as yourself to understand it.

PROF.—That, I presume, is a criticism of me considered emotionally; but it is unjust. I know the affectional mode of feeling. I was really quite fond of a woman once; but she had no aptitude for thought, cared little for facts, and was irrational in many ways. She thought more of dead birds on her hat than she did of knowledge underneath it. Strange, that I should have fancied a woman like that!

TRIS.—Not altogether. I suppose her taste for dead birds and yours for dead butterflies made the affinity.

PROF.—Ha! Maybe—— (*Reflects a moment while putting a pin through butterfly*).

TRIS.—(*impatently*) Uncle!

PROF.—No—there is a difference. Divine science meant nothing to her. (*Sighing*) Ah, well!—it was best.

TRIS.—(*aside*) Oh, the bloodlessness of it! Uncle, I have won Rebecca's heart; I have laid my love, my honor at her feet—we are one and cannot be separated. Here comes my father, now, to thrust a merciless arm between us—I know it—I foresee it all. They are all against me unless I can reach your heart—for you have a heart far down under the rubbish.

PROF.—That's a rather incomprehensible speech, Tristram. What rubbish?

TRIS.—Uncle, you have influence with my father—with all of them. Espouse my cause. You who can turn things inside out for inspection, make them see the reason in my passion—for it is reason as well as passion.

PROF.—I don't know about that, Tristram; for reason and passion, far from being interchangeable terms, stand for directly opposite and mutually exclusive forms of psychic activity. Reason, from *rerī, ratus*, is to believe or think; passion—*pātī, passus*—is to suffer. Your feelings are proba-

bly misleading you. If your father and all your family will object to your attachment to this young woman that is a factor in the case which must be considered.

TRIS.—Oh, can flesh and blood be thus refrigerated and the man still live! Uncle, do you mean to say that if my father and my family and the whole concourse of social regulators that stand back of them interdict it, I shall not love where I love? Reason!—passion! The reason for my passion lies in the woof and warp of things. Oh, that I might explain it in terms of molecular force, so that you could understand it!

PROF.—(*with new interest*) Ha! Molecular force?—

TRIS.—Yes; love as a mode of motion would be intelligible to you, no doubt! As it is you can no more comprehend it than—than a—Oh, for words!

PROF.—(*indignantly*) Why, sir, you are impudent! Do you mean to say, sir, that my powers of comprehension are inferior to yours?

TRIS.—Then why do you not understand me now and help me?

PROF.—I do understand, sir, all about it—or speedily will. Comprehend, indeed! It is a question, sir, of rationality—of the relative rationality of your passion and the opposing judgment of others. In the first place let us consider the nature of this kind of passion. I think Herbert Spencer somewhere makes an analysis of that very thing—here—wait a moment; we'll see about this. Just wait a moment. (*Hurries into house*).

TRIS.—(*solus*) Oh, learning! learning! How many excellent men have been perverted and made asses in thy name! Ah, my wild flower! (*Enter Rebecca, r., with basket of vegetables on her arm. He takes both her hands*). Where have you been?

RE.—Just to the garden for things you like to eat.

TRIS.—Could I not have helped gather them?

RE.—And dinner been delayed? The world's work must go on, if—

TRIS.—If what, little one?

RE.—Never mind.

TRIS.—If we have a world all to ourselves. Is that it? *(She attempts to pass him; he detains her with hand to her cheek. She lifts her face and their lips meet with one swift impulse. Again she seeks to escape him).*

TRIS.—No, no! You have kept away from me all this morning. Don't you know I've been hungering and thirsting for just one moment with you? Ah, if you felt so——

RE.—Don't say that, Tristram! Things must be done.

TRIS.—Always thinking of things to be done and people to be served!

RE.—You have praised me for that.

TRIS.—Yes, yes, yes; but not now!

RE.—If it was well before how much more must I strive to do well now, so that——

TRIS.—Yes, little one——

RE.—So that my loved one shall commend me, even when I cross his wish. I must be going, dear. *(Lark sings in distance).*

TRIS.—Ah, a little time—a little leisure should be yours. You toil, toil, toil.

RE.—No, no; not toil. The hands that do their honest work are happy hands—the hours fly joyously when a song is in the heart.

TRIS.—And a song is in your heart to-day? *(Lark sings, nearer).*

RE.—Hark! the lark. How glad he is! And the glorious sunshine overhead! The lark is singing because of the beautiful sunshine in the world.

TRIS.—Ah, my poet-love! *(Gathering-call of the quail heard).* And hark!—"The bonny brown quail with the necklaced throat!"

RE.—He has lost his fellows.

TRIS.—He is parted from his mate—poor bob-white! *(Imitates call, and quail answers. Whistle twice or thrice)*

back and forth, quail drawing nearer and finally whirring swiftly across stage). Ah, he is seeking his lost mate! What premonition is this? (*Re. on doorstep about to enter house*). Re! Re! (*coming after and catching her hand again*) Can you hear the lark? (*Both listen*).

RE.—No, he is gone. (*Sadly*) By and by, when the cold, grey skies come he will be hushed for good—we will hear his song no more.

TRIS.—Re, whatever happens—

RE.—(*aside*) It is coming!—some invisible spirit lays its warning touch upon me. Speak, dear.

TRIS.—Come what will you are mine—say that before you go.

RE.—I am yours.

TRIS.—For all time.

RE.—For all time—and for eternity. (*After lingering hand-clasp they part, she entering the house. Quail, distant, calls again*).

TRIS.—The glad lark has flown, leaving only the sad bird who has lost his mate. (*Turns to r.*) Ah, my father has come. I must see him sooner than I want to, but not now. (*Exit by left upper entrance. Enter, r., Mr. Boyd and Mrs. Saxby*).

MR. BOYD—Was not that Tristram? What made him go off? Surely he saw us.

MRS. S.—A guilty conscience, I presume. He realizes the foolish scrape he has got into and avoids meeting you.

B.—You say you saw him at his puppy-love-making in the barn. Well, how far has it gone? What does he say about it?

MRS. S.—He says without hesitancy that he has deliberately wooed and won the girl with no other thought than to make her his wife. It's scandalous!

B.—You reasoned with him, I suppose.

MRS. S.—I pleaded with him like a mother. I dwelt on the unqualified absurdity of the whole thing, and so did

Gladys, but we might as well have talked at a pig. Reason, indeed! There's but one remedy now, and that's an iron hand. It all rests with you.

B.—But what breed of folks are these? Surely the boy is not making an ass of himself for the sake of some hoyden milkmaid with the manners of the barn-yard.

MRS. S.—No; they are much above the average, which only makes the matter worse by furnishing him an argument. Talk roundly to the girl's mother—she seems sensible, and has a firm hold on her daughter. Talk to her.

B.—There need be no words wasted—I'll make short shrift of the whole matter. But first of all let me freshen up—it has been a dusty journey.

MRS. S.—This way, then. (*Exeunt by l. u. e. Re-enter Prof., from house, with open book in hand.*)

PROF.—Here it is, 'Tristram! here it is! Humph!—the scatter-brain has gone. It's discouraging that a boy of his education and parts should have no more taste for the solid things. Yes, here it is in the chapter on the Feelings. Since I'm drawn into this subject I'll just take the pains to master it. It's an interesting phase of psychology. Then, too, I suspect Tristram is going to brew trouble, and if so it will be well to curb him with an inexorable logic. Let us see what Spencer says about it. H'm—(*reading*) "As the increasingly complex emotions result from pre-existing groups of actual and nascent sensations, the resulting totals must grow continually larger, a marked illustration of which truth is furnished by the passion which unites the sexes—the most compound, and therefore the most powerful of all the feelings." Yes? That is interesting. The *most compound*, and therefore the *most powerful* of all the feelings. If that be true then it is obvious that this passion is not to be dismissed without very serious consideration. H'm—and here we have the passion carefully examined in its parts. (*Reading*) "Added to the purely physical elements of it are first to be noticed those

highly complex impressions produced by personal beauty. With this there is united the complex sentiment which we term affection. Then there is the sentiment of admiration, respect or reverence. There comes next the feeling called love of approbation. Further, the allied emotion of self-esteem comes into play. Yet again, the proprietary feeling has its share in the general activity—the two belong to each other.” The two belong to each other? Bless me! that is exactly what the boy said. How did he come by that? Yes, there it is proven by careful reasoning. (*Reading*) “Once more, the relation allows of extended liberty of action——” Ha! that is the episode in the barn his aunt was telling me about. Really, it’s strange how that unthinking boy sometimes seems by a kind of instinct to move along philosophic lines. (*Reading*) “These, all greatly exalted, and severally tending to reflect their excitements on one another, unite to form the mental state we call love.” Well, well—there is good sound psychology and reason back of this, after all—this promises to be an exceedingly interesting line of inquiry. Ah, here come a couple now in whom this complex emotion seems to be existent. I will collect some data. (*Gets out note-book and goes behind tree. Enter Gladys and Hicks, r., as from a walk, the latter awkwardly carrying a small dog*).

GLAD.—Mr. Hicks, do carry Don Cervera more comfortably, poor little soul!—the blood will run to his head. (*Hicks makes a move to put dog down*). No, no; don’t put him down yet.

HICKS—Why, Miss Gladys, he’s rested by this time, and besides, we’re home now. Shan’t I put him down? (*Aside*) Pah! the little beast! I hate fistes!

GLAD.—No indeed, you are not at all considerate of his feelings. Don’t you see how he loves to be carried?

HICKS—Yes, but see, Miss Gladys; the creature is covering me with hairs.

GLAD.—The *creature*! How unfeeling of you, Mr.

Hicks! Why should you worry about the hairs—Don Cervera does not mind them. (*To dog*) Poor 'ittee fellee! does 'oo nassy pappy 'boos 'oo?

HICKS—Ah, now, Miss Gladys; this makes me feel soft!

GLAD.—(*aside*) What a strange, abnormal feeling he must find that! Lend me your handkerchief, please. (*H. reluctantly gives handkerchief*). Hold him up in a better position—what an awkward, embarrassed papa you do make! (*Proceeds to dress dog with handkerchief*).

HICKS—Oh, buzz! Miss Gladys.

PROF.—(*aside, looking in book*) Spencer makes no mention of this aspect of the emotion. This is a manifestation of the parental instinct. It is a great deal stronger, obviously, in the female than in the male. (*Makes note*).

GLAD.—There, isn't he cunning! Dandle him, sir.

HICKS—Oh, say now, Miss Gladys!

PROF.—(*aside*) These two emotions are undoubtedly allied, but the relation between them is perplexing. (*Coming forward*) Um—Gladys—

GLAD.—Oh, Uncle! (*Hicks lets dog fall*).

PROF.—I wish to make some notes on that emotion commonly designated as love, and in your case I find it somewhat complicated with the maternal instinct. Now in your present consciousness which of these emotions do you find preponderant? Can you dissociate the two?

GLAD.—State it simply, dear Uncle—you know how weak I am intellectually.

PROF.—Well, to be concrete and special—which do you find the greater, your affection for Mr. Hicks or your affection for this little dog?

GLAD.—Oh, Uncle! how can you ask such a heartless question? For dear little Don Cervera, to be sure.

HICKS—Ah, now; I like that! I think that's just too bad, Miss Gladys.

PROF.—Well, that's something explicit. (*Makes note. Enter, from house, Mrs. Joyce*).

MRS. J.—Ah, you are here! Dinner is almost ready.
(*Rings farm-bell. Re-enter, l. u. e., Mrs. Saxby and Mr. Boyd.*)

MRS. S.—Mrs. Joyce, this is Mr. Boyd, Tristram's father.

B.—(*after bowing and saluting others*) Madam, I trust you will not think me too abrupt, but my stay is short, and as a thing I have to say is of interest to all here, I need not seek another time. (*Rebecca appears at door of house, and Tristram l. u. e.*) It concerns your daughter and my son. He has seen fit to steal away. Is your daughter here?

RE.—I am the daughter, sir.

TRIS.—(*coming forward*) And here am I. I have no cause, sir, for shame.

B.—So!—I am glad you have come. Do you happen to know, Madam, that your daughter—(*Enter Jed, r.*).

MRS. J.—Proceed, sir. Whatever concerns my daughter and me concerns him.

JED—I don't know who you air, but ef you've anything to say about Becky I reckon I've got a right to hear it.

B.—Very well. Is it known to you, then, that my son avows himself your daughter's lover and that she has accepted him as her future husband?

MRS. J.—My daughter and your son!—Oh, Rebecca!

JED—Well, w'at of it? W'at of it, I say?

TRIS.—(*beside Rebecca*) The storm is brewing—I foresaw it. But for one staunch friend we stand alone. Remember, come what will, you are mine.

B.—Young lady—and I perceive you are a lady—this hasty youth who thinks himself your lover is not overburdened with wisdom. Do you not see the error of his flitting passion? The harm to you—can you not see that?

RE.—Sir, I see no error in him, and surely there can be no harm to me in a love that has done so much for me. In that love do I trust.

PROF.—(*aside*) That, I judge, is a genuine manifestation of the love-emotion (*referring to book*). Yes, here it

is: (*reading*) "There is the sentiment of admiration, respect or reverence, in itself one of considerable power, and which in this relation becomes in a high degree active." (*Makes note*).

B.—Madam, you surely can see the folly of this. If your daughter and my son, meeting thus from widely different spheres, should join lives, what must follow? Listen—and do you listen too, my girl, if you have any wisdom and a conscience. This boy, my only child, has been educated with reference to the future and the plans for his welfare began when he was in his cradle. He comes of a line of men who have made their mark and of a line of women who have helped their husbands to the goal. With wealth and influence back of him his path must lie among men, along the ways of success, of culture, of social position. I think you follow me—you understand. Very well. This boy, again, in the hot flush of a headstrong youth sees your daughter—there is a moment's intoxication—no fore-casting, no caring for results. That moment may suffice to do the mischief. (*To Re.*) A man's wife should be his helpmeet in the fullest sense. Tell me now, can you share the full and many-sided life to which he is elected? Will you be a help or a clog to him?

RE.—Mercy! mercy! (*Turns to Mrs. J., who is seated on the rustic bench, and falls at her knee*).

TRIS.—(*with out-stretched arms*) Re! Re! Oh, shame! In the name of manhood, shame!

JED.—(*beside Re.*) Him that says she ain't queen enough to be the wife of any man 'at ever trod leather lies!—lies in his throat!

B.—And who may you be, sir?

JED.—The guardeen of this place—the watch-dog! Be keerful how you fool around!

RE.—(*lifting her face*) Jed—dear Jed, never mind.

JED.—Oh, Becky, it's all too fine-spun fer me to understand, but I know w'en my little gal's hurt! Let 'em be

keerful! (*To B.*) Mister, I'm a plain, blunt man, and I ain't no scholard—I don't know much, but them I love mustn't be pestered an' badgered. Ef there's anything you must say, say it keerful.

TRIS.—Re.

MRS. S.—There are social distinctions, Mrs. Joyce, which can not be over stepped—you know that.

PROF.—(*intensely interested; impatiently*) Tut! Don't intrude your inconsequential things! This question assumes complications, Richard. What you say as to the relative range of activities of the two parties would seem to have much weight, and yet—um—go on!

B.—(*to Mrs. J. and Re.*) I base my argument on no false feeling. The laws of things are inexorable—if there seems cruelty in the circumstances it is not my cruelty.

TRIS.—Re.

PROF.—Yes, that is true, that is true; and yet—h'm—let me think!

TRIS.—Re—oh, Re! Do you not hear me?

RE.—(*lifting her face*) I would hear your lightest whisper. Yes, oh yes! I hear your voice calling my name; I hear all that is in that voice.

MRS. J.—Daughter, you have heard what was said. It is all true. Ah, if you had come to me sooner! Did you doubt that the mother has felt what the daughter feels? You must trust me—deeply trust me now. Your hand, dear—look in my face; let there be understanding between us. (*Re. looks up. To B.*) Sir, we are simple folks, but it needs no one to tell us what is right and what is wrong. My daughter will not cross your son's welfare, as you fear.

TRIS.—Re, what was our sacred compact?

RE.—I to be yours, for all time—for eternity.

PROF.—(*aside*) Individuals representing classes of diverse and unequal activities are not mutually adaptable—that is the major premise. These individuals represent such classes; therefore—h'm! h'm!—

TRIS.—And is it not so?—was that all but words?

RE.—The compact is unbroken—I am yours.

TRIS.—Then why there, Re, instead of here?

RE.—That alters not the fact.

MRS. S.—This is wearing on one's nerves—pray end it!

HICKS—Ya-as—dreadfully unfortunate affair all around!

MRS. J.—My child, your womanhood must now be tested—the hour of your trial has come. You love, and I know all that that means; but is your love so great and your pride so womanly that you refuse to be a harm and hindrance to the man you love, even though your heart break? Remember, if he comes from a brilliant line, you come from those to whom duty has ever been the watch-word of life. You must tell him (*kissing her brow*); it is cruelly hard, dear—I know, I feel it all. We must be true and strong when the time comes. (*Re. rises and goes to Tristram. He attempts to put his arms about her, but she does not permit it*).

TRIS.—Oh, my Re! my little woman! come to me. You are mine, mine, I say!

RE.—I am yours, but you can not be mine. Oh, Tristram, when words are like blood drawn from the heart, few are best. I knew it from the first—I should have guarded—the fault is mine. Could you honor me when, to gratify my love, I had crept into a little portion of your life to be scorned by others for the little I could give? And when you had ceased to honor me, what would remain for me?

B.—It is well that she sees so clearly.

TRIS.—I do not, will not hear you. Shall I stand still like a cowardly dolt while the sanctities are being bludgeoned? That which is mine by the sanction of high heaven, that will I battle for though my little world be made chaos. Re, Re! open your eyes to the clearer truth. I love you because I love the things you love—because, despite the casting of my lot, I too am a child of Nature. What matters the plans that were laid while I slept in my

cradle?—God! what matters all that?—I, a bundle of un-comprehended forces! A little corner of my life!—the little you can give! Ah, Re, do you think I have not measured well the swift, deep sympathies that have gladdened my life?

PROF.—Ha! I begin to see.

MRS. J.—Remember, child, remember!

RE.—Yes, yes; I remember. There is so much to it all—but, oh mother, I am also human—I am a woman, heaven help me!

B.—If you waver it will be the worse for both of you. The world will go hard with him when I have withdrawn my help, however he may think now.

PROF.—(*sternly*) Tut! tut! This not a case for threats. What we want is to understand these things—there's a psychologic side here that means something.

TRIS.—Means something! By the blood of all my ancestors, yes. By the iron will and pride and honor that have been handed down to me, yes. (*To B.*) Sir, you are my father and I owe you much, but much must overtop that owing, for I have drawn from my mother's veins things that you know not of—but let that go. (*To Re.*) To you I come. Justice! justice, Re!

RE.—Oh, Tristram, no more—it is killing me! Do you think me heartless? Ah, my idol, my hero—no, no! But we must—we must be true! (*Again at her mother's knee*).

TRIS.—Oh, if these swirling elements of my nature that are stirring to life could find form!—could be unveiled! Listen—listen all of you. Here cowers a hurt woman, her soul knit to mine at a thousand points, and here stand I to claim my own, one man against you all. (*To Re.*) Ah, little one, you have but woven one more strand. Do you not know that Love, the Sovereign will come unto his own? (*Quail calls*).

CURTAIN.

ACT IV—LOVE, THE SOVEREIGN.

Interior of barn, same as act ii. Deserted and very quiet; moonlight streaming through crevices. Occasional owl and whippoorwill without.

JED—(*in stable at right*) Whoa, boy—stand over there! (*Enters from stable carrying saddle and bridle, which he hangs on peg*). 'Pears to me I've rid fifty miles sence dark and ast a thousand questions of folks, but 't wan't no use—no one has seen him. The lad's the kind 'at takes things mighty hard, an' ef he made away with hisself they'd be to blame—his own father 'ud be to blame. Oh, it's cruel, miser'ble cruel of 'em to make this trouble, an' her better'n the best of 'em. Ef only I c'ud stand up an' fight fer her!—but I ain't no good here—it's all beyant me. (*Goes to center door and looks out*). The moon's well down in the west—it must be way after midnight. There's the light still shinin' from her winder—there's no sleep fer her. Oh, my little gal! my little Becky! You ain't the kind to say much, but I know how it hurts! Big, rough Jed knows ef the others don't. (*Voices without*). Here comes them jays with their racket! Curyus, I 'spose, to know w'ats the news; but I don't want to meet 'em. (*Exit, r. Hicks and Gladys appear at center door, peering in*).

HICKS—Hello!

GLAD.—I'm sure I heard some one. Go in first, Mr. Hicks; I'm afraid.

HICKS—Hello!

GLAD.—It's horribly ghostly! Go on in, Mr. Hicks.

HICKS—Hello! Hello, I say!

GLAD.—Dear me, Mr. Hicks, this is not a telephone exchange. If you are afraid we will go back to the house.

HICKS—Afraid! Who, I? How absurd! (*Enters with assumed boldness, shies two or three times from dusky objects, and peers into stable*). Hi! who's here? Hello, I say! No one's here, Miss Gladys; come on in—it's perfectly safe, I assure you. (*Gladys enters*). The horse that the

hand rode is here, and he must be about somewhere. Let us sit on this bench and wait awhile—it's quite as comfortable as in the house. (*They sit on settle*).

GLAD.—It's very distressing that cousin Tristram should act this way. To be sure it's all very romantic to be desperate about one's loving Phyllis when the fates intervene, but faugh! all that is obsolete now—the age of romance has long since fallen into desuetude.

HICKS—(*sentimentally*) Ah, not so, dear Miss Gladys. Would I but had the opportunity to prove to you how the aroma of romance still lingers in the lap of love. I—er—oh, it is unspeakable! (*capturing her hand*).

GLAD.—(*dismally*) Oh, dear! Again, Mr. Hicks?

HICKS—Yes, yes; my love must express itself, dearest.

GLAD.—But it's scarce been half an hour, you know, since you told me all about it, and I said yes, you could have first mortgage on my young affections, and all. You took me at a disadvantage, when I was sleepy and worn out, but I thought it was all understood now.

HICKS—Yes, yes; so it is. But every half-hour of every day of every year I could talk of it.

GLAD.—Yes, but Mr. Hicks, be rational! Think what a frightful wreck it would make of me, Mr. Hicks.

HICKS—Ah, why that formal Mr.? When will you call me Alonzo? When will you call me 'Lonny, like Mamma does? Mayn't I call you Gladys?—my Gladys?

GLAD.—Such customs are insidious. The next step you would want to be billing and kissing.

HICKS—And if we did——

GLAD.—I said *you* would.

HICKS—And if I did, would that be in such very bad form, seeing how we love each other?

GLAD.—Mr. Hicks, I am a confirmed advocate of the microbe theory. There are more microbes made miserable by the osculating habit than the heedless world dreams of. Even love—even a love like mine, can not justify such risks.

No, each person should keep his and her own microbes.

HICKS—Bother the microbes! Must they be kept apart after people are married?—after we have become one?

GLAD.—Microbes are hideous little things, Mr. Hicks; let us not talk of them. (*Mrs. Saxby appears at c. d.*).

MRS. S.—Ah, are you there, children? (*entering*).

HICKS—Ah, Mrs. Saxby, we were just waiting—there is no word yet. Dear Madam, observe how Cupid will cleave his way in spite of all! Do you know I have at last made Miss Gladys see that she really loves me. There have been times when I almost doubted it.

MRS. S.—(*holding up her hands in feigned surprise*) Good gracious me, Mr. Hicks!

GLAD.—See how amazed my mother is! Oh, I'm afraid I've made a mistake, Mr. Hicks. Indeed, I can never take such an important step unless Mamma approves.

MRS. S.—(*aside*) The minx!

HICKS—Dear Mrs. Saxby, don't destroy our happiness by your disapproval. Really, your daughter might have done ever so much worse. You know my standing socially.

GLAD.—Yes, Mamma; and financially, too. We will have a beautiful home, and you can live with us and manage the—flower garden, and little things like that.

HICKS—Yes, all those little things.

GLAD.—Can't we, Mamma?

HICKS—(*aside*) Dear girl! how she does love me, after all! Please give us your consent.

MRS. S.—(*with show of concession*) Mr. Hicks, I naturally am very prudent in what concerns my daughter's welfare. This is rather sudden.

GLAD.—Yes, ah yes! It is this suddenness that gets the better of us poor women. It quite—I was going to say un-mans us, but that is hardly true in the present case.

HICKS—Ah, I could not help being precipitate. Think what was preying at my heart.

MRS. S.—(*sighing*) Ah, well! If you and Gladys feel

that you are fitted for each other I don't see that I should oppose any obstacle.

HICKS—How good! I knew you could not. Mayn't I call you Mamma?

MRS. S.—Yes, if you wish.

GLAD.—Oh, how nice! Then I can be a sister to you. (*Enter, c. d., Mr. Boyd, Professor B. and Jed*).

B.—And you say you found no one who has seen anything of him. It's very strange.

JED—I reckon he wan't out makin' calls. There's enough woods around here to hide in if hidin's what a man wants. I've done the best I could fer you.

B.—Well, well; I suppose so. (*Offers him money. Jed looks him steadily in the face*). Why don't you take it?

JED—Hain't you no use fer it?

B.—Not so much as you have, perhaps. (*Jed turns and walks away*).

PROF.—Another illustration! Richard, I never knew until the last few hours that you were so illy adjusted to that larger environment which we call the world.

B.—(*irritably*) Well, sir, what do you mean?

PROF.—Let us analyze your case. Your adjustment is to a score or two of employes who do your will. In that little world you are an autocrat, hedged about with an authority not to be questioned; you say do this, and it is done; or do that, and you are obeyed. When you come out of your little world in to the larger environment you expect it to be the same, not because of the great laws of things but out of your preconceived notions and because it is your will. What a child you are!

B.—How now? Are you against me too? Have I not acted for the best in this matter?

PROF.—I strongly suspect you have not, sir. I strongly suspect, indeed, that you have gone very widely wrong, all because you have not calmly approached it with an eye single to the widest truth. Let me resolve it into it's

elements and show you—I have now thought the whole thing out. Here is your syllogism: Individuals representing classes of diverse and unequal activities are not mutually adaptable. That is your major premise—do I make myself understood? Very well. These individuals represent such classes—that is your minor premise; and here is your conclusion: therefore, these individuals are not mutually adaptable. Now this conclusion would be unavoidable if all parts of the proposition were impregnable, but observe the danger that so frequently lies hidden in the syllogism—

MRS. S.—Good gracious, Professor! what do we care for all that ponderous stuff? You make me nervous!

PROF.—(*austerely*) Sister, you err greatly in thinking my conversation is addressed to you. I am not casting my pearls before—those who do not know pearls when they see them.

GLAD.—Don't monkey with the buzz-saw, Mamma—(*to Hicks*) isn't that the way the gentlemen put it?

B.—Go on—have your say.

PROF.—Observe, I say, the dangers of the syllogism. In the first place, touching the major premise—and here follow me closely, for this is very important—the diverse and unequal activities of the two classes do not involve the radical differences we assume, for in the developmental process there is a reversion on both sides to certain first and common principles, and so that premise is invalidated. As I said the other day, new lines of cohesion are thrown out from class to class. (*Warming up*) Ah, there is a grand idea there! Do you not see the sociological bearing?—think of it! If we can but determine the principle by which all social differentiation is resolved back into social unity and homogeneity—

B.—Never mind your sociology—go on. I am willing, if possible, to get the grain in this bushel of chaff.

GLAD.—Another great waste of pearls, Uncle.

PROF.—I accept the check—it is best always to keep down to the mental range of your hearers. Very well then: The individuals postulated in the minor premise as representative of the two classes of the major premise, are not truly representative because both, by reason of the personal factor, are aberrants from their class—note that in particular—are aberrants from their class. Hence you are going wrong. Do I make it clear?

MRS. S.—Does all that mean—have you the boldness to say, Professor Boyd, that you countenance for one moment this foolishness of Tristram's?

PROF.—(*indignantly*) I have the boldness to proclaim the truth, Madam, at all times. Have I not shown you by rigorous and careful ratiocination what the truth is? I affirm, Madam, that these two individuals are aberrant from their respective classes. Do you dispute that?—do you question my analysis? If so I will be glad to listen to you.

MRS. S.—Shades of my ancestors!—has he gone crazy?

GLAD.—If the brains of the family take to running amuck this way what will become of us?

JED.—Mister Perfessor, I come a long ways from knowin' w'at you're sayin', but I like you, an' that's a durn sight more'n I do some o' your kin-folks.

B.—And what have the rest of us done to offend you?

JED—A heap.

B.—Well, what? State your complaint.

JED.—'Tain't my holt to lay open my mind like a pig on a gambel stick an' show all the innards of it. You've hurt Becky Joyce, an' the reason you give's a lie—let that do.

HICKS—(*aside*) It makes me boil to hear that bumpkin.

B.—You certainly speak to the point.

JED.—Yes; one word to the p'int's worth forty floppin' 'round wide o' the mark. Ef you come to me you'll git a little measure, mebby, but it'll be full. (*Soft music of mandolin without. Tristram, with instrument, enters c. d.*).

TRIS.—Ha! what have we here; a mid-summer night's

frolic? Who is Titania and who Oberon? But I beg pardon for the intrusion—I thought I alone was keeping revel. (*Going*).

B.—Hold, Tristram—

TRIS.—(*pausing*) I am at your service.

B.—Your freaks are unpardonable. Why have you gone off this way?—we have been scouring the country for you.

TRIS.—For the solicitude I thank you, but you should all have been abed long since—for myself, I had work to do: a diagram of my life as it was to be was all made out some time since, but it seems there was a flaw somewhere—I have had to revise it. Hello, Coz! are you here with your lord-to-be?— (*Crosses to her. Sings:*)

*There was a she of high degree;
A moneyed he besot her;
Right well she knew her birth-right true,
But the mess o' pottage got her.*

Gladys, when you are married let me commend the Episcopalian ceremony—it's beautiful. For example, this: "With all my goods I thee endow." Note the euphony of it.

GLAD.—(*shrinking from him*) What ails him?—he is not himself!

TRIS.—Nay, cousin mine, do not shun me! Let us talk. I think—I think there was some fault in me—something you disapproved of, was there not? Speak out, oh my early play-mate! Time was when we spoke freely with each other. Do you mind those days, a few brief years ago, when we roamed the meadows together, you radiant with the joys of the present and the joy of things to be? Do you mind the princely seeker and his gift of noble love that figured in your dream?

GLAD.—(*with fear*) Go away from me, Tristram!

TRIS.—Do you mind one golden afternoon when I, the boy, was subdued to your girlish mood, and sitting amid the clover bloom while the bees droned all about, together we sang this song?—(*sings:*)

*"My love is young and fair,
My love has golden hair;
Then what care I if death be nigh—
For love I live, for love I die."*

Do you mind the burden of our talk that day?

GLAD.—Tristram, forbear?

TRIS.—A few brief years. And now—what? That saddest of earth's creatures, a blase girl, a cynic maiden, your soul robbed of its native freshness while yet the flush of youth is on your cheek——

GLAD.—Sir, this rudeness is unpardonable——

TRIS.—Nay, "let me wring your heart; for so I shall if it be made of penetrable stuff." One young in years yet old in sophistication and smothered in worldliness, with a nimble wit playing forever like an adder's tongue to keep off remorse that would fain enter and weep over the slain sanctities!——

GLAD.—(*rising*) I will hear no more—you are vilifying me! Why should I suffer this?

TRIS.—Ah, my cousin—you whom I have loved as a sister, do I not know what furies are nesting in your heart of hearts? If you fear to let in the light then must another do it for you. (*Glad. starts out. H. and Mrs. S. after her.*)

GLAD.—(*halting and stamping foot*) Do not follow me! If I wished for company I would stay where it is. (*To H.*) What have I said to you?—what promise given?

HICKS—Why, Miss Gladys, you said—ah—er——

GLAD.—Never mind (*coming nearer*). Let me feel toward you as I never yet have felt—kindly. For the present let it all rest. Perhaps something or other will happen—perhaps I will—die, or something. Let it all rest! (*Exit.*)

TRIS.—Let none intrude upon her now—that medicine will best work in solitude.

B.—(*to Prof.*) Sound this boy and see what is the matter with him. He is beyond my probing.

PROF.—H'm—curious! His mental faculties seem to be abnormally excited. The thing we sometimes call madness

is but this erethism, this extreme emphasis of things that are upon the mind. (*To Tris.*) H'm, Tristam, where have you been with your mandolin? What have you been doing?

TRIS.—(*playing softly and fitfully as he talks*) I have been abroad holding communion with the moon and stars and the wierd voices of the night—oh, they are rare counselors. My little friend here serves me a turn, too—my fancy quickens and the thoughts flow to tinkling sounds. But that is all meaningless to you, being but a mere philosopher. If you were a poet, now, you might understand.

PROF.—(*aside*) What queer crotchets! I must humor him. And why should not a philosopher understand as much as a poet, Tristam?

TRIS.—Could I answer that I, too, would be a philosopher. My off-hand guess would be, the Lord has willed it otherwise. Uncle, has a philosopher real knowledge?—has a philosopher wisdom?

PROF.—Undoubtedly, Tristam; undoubtedly. (*Aside*) Um—queer! I hardly know how to answer him.

TRIS.—Well, let us test it—the knowledge of the poet, the knight of Love, against that of the philosopher. Can you find meaning in stories? Here is one. (*Plays softly*).

Chapter one—There once was a youth—an untrained, wayward youth, with the follies of his kind, but also with things not follies which his young nature drew from mysterious founts. In the beginning the People who Knew stood sponsor for him, but Nature was his real mother.

Chapter two—This wayward youth with his follies had one virtue—fidelity to his real mother, and she recompensed him richly. Joy followed joy, each leading to the next, and by and by, when the time was ripe, and the boy's heart knew itself and hungered, and his whole nature ached with yearning, came the gift of all gifts—the mate with which kind Nature complements her creatures. Do you follow? This story has heart's blood in it.

PROF.—(*interested*) Go on, go on; I am following you.

TRIS.—Well, nature knew her child and his needs; the youth knew his own by an instinct deep as the springs of life, and with a chemic swiftness every element of his being leapt to the affinity. And straightway the two were one by a million twining tendrils, and the two, now man and woman, felt within themselves a strange new sense—a new growing into the requirements of God's world. The great Mother had directed all, and all was well. Do you follow?

PROF.—(*to Mr. B.*) Upon my word, this rhapsody means something; you would better listen, Richard—there is something here that corresponds wonderfully with a close analysis. Proceed, Tristam.

TRIS.—Chapter three—But now came the wise people—the People who Knew, and they cried “Nay, this must not be! What rights has Nature? Have we not clothed and fed the youth? Have we not paid the bills?”——

B.—Stop, Tristam!—this is ungrateful! Do you not know that I, from first to last, have acted from love of you?

TRIS.—Why, sir, did you conceal that fact? Do you not know that I, from first to last, have wished for that which you would not show? Was the child of long ago ever taken to your knee? Why should the insignificant little manikin ever intrude upon the busy man——

B.—Tristam, you are hard—unjust, I say.

PROF.—Hard, but not unjust, Richard. We must never flinch from the truth, whatever it may be.

TRIS.—To my story: An so, by the decree of the People who Knew, the youth's mate whom Nature had given was ruthlessly torn away, in scorn of the million twining tendrils, and she was bruised and hurt beyond all healing; and the youth, now a man in every fibre, stood by, perforce, while the cruel sponsors trod under-foot her innocent heart. Now, philosopher, let us test your wisdom! That man, the worthy scion of grim sires who have fought their way, what shall he do? Shall the wild beast fight to the death for his mate, and the man do less?

PROF.—(*at a loss*) Um—why, Tristram, if all you say is strictly true——

TRIS.—Behold how the philosopher wavers in his wisdom! Now I, the poet-lover, having taken counsel of the moon and stars and the wierd voices of the night, find my conclusions as a magnet finds the pole. Sirs and Madam, take note—there is one woman whose heart is mine forevermore, and by virtue of that divine mystery I am a knight of Love. In the name of my Sovereign I fling down the gauntlet to you all! (*Enter Rebecca, walking in her sleep*).

MRS. S.—Bless me! what is this?

PROF.—(*excitedly*) Ha! a genuine case of induced somnambulism! Do not waken her—do not waken her for the world! Richard, I am convinced that we have not appreciated the force and value of the psychic coalescence between these two individuals. The mind when in this condition reveals its workings without any interposition of the will—we shall see what the real truth is with her, and then our course will be clear.

RE.—(*stopping to listen; confusedly*) The music—the music! (*Gropes her way to vacant bench and sits down. Tris. at her feet. She feels along the bench on either side*).

TRIS.—Yes, mark well—you shall see what is on her mind. See, she has lost something, Uncle; what can it be she is seeking? (*Plays softly, she listening attentively. He sings:*)

“By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When hours were anthems and speech was praise;
When the heart kept time to the carols of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs that ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices æolian.”

RE.—(*joyfully, with clasped hands*) Ah, yes; the happy, happy days! The heart kept time to the birds—but—there is something gone—— (*Her groping hand encounters*

Tristram's head. She feels his face and strokes his hair. He clasps her hand and kisses it). Ah—that touch! My soul rises from its grave. 'Tristram! 'Tristram! come to me! Are you there, my idol, my hero?—

TRIS.—Tristram is here—here beside you, Re.

RE.—Ah, let me find refuge from this stress!—it has been so dark for a poor woman who fears the dark. Did you think me strong because I made so brave a showing? For your sake I would be strong, but ah! what is so weak as a poor woman's heart? (*Sobs and wrings her hands*).

TRIS.—(*recites, accompanied by mandolin*):

*The night gathers black and the clouds roll low,
All nature is voiced in a dirge of woe,
Earth lies in her shroud.
Lo! thou Eternal One, Mighty, Supernal One,
My soul cries aloud!
Alas! there is chaos and void—
All round me but chaos and void—
Still night's ebon wing.
The vampire sucked my heart and flew,
The grim owl laughed "tu-whit! tu-who!"
Hear the night-raven sing.*

RE.— Ah, this frightful darkness!—is there no light—no light? The vampire sucked my heart—they bade me cast off my love, and now my heart is broken—never, never to be whole again! (*Tristram again takes and kisses her hand*). Ah, that touch! 'Tristram!

TRIS.—And when you had denied him your heart belied your will and tongue, for your heart knew that you were his and he was yours.

RE.—Yes, yes, yes; my heart knew!—but what was I, the poor country girl, to come between him and his proud kin-folks? Ah, only to feel his tender caress—but nevermore, nevermore! (*Sobs*).

PROF.—(*clearing his throat*) H'm, too bad! Richard, I trust this whole matter is clear enough to you now. Under the circumstances I may not be able to state it just



as exactly and impartially as I would wish, for I find that my feelings are somewhat involved; but the great fact of mating which we observe throughout the animate world has for its fundamental principle the law of adaptation. Now, that these two individuals are mutually adapted in a very profound sense certainly does not admit of a doubt—
(*Enter Mrs. Joyce, hurriedly.*)

MRS. J.—Who is here? Has any one seen Rebecca?—

PROF.—Madam, your daughter is in a state of artificial somnambulism, and there has been some most interesting revelations—

RE.—Tristram! Do not leave me! Do you think I am strong to brave the dark? Ah, chaos and void! (*groping*).

MRS. J.—What is all this? (*With hand on Re.*) Rebecca! Rebecca!

RE.—(*slowly awakening and starting up*) Yes, Mother. (*Looks about bewildered. Tris. on his feet beside her. With a quick impulse she holds out her arms to him, then repels him and turns to her mother.*) No, no, no—not that! I do not understand—it must be all a dream. But I know my duty and I am strong. No daughter of our blood was ever stronger than I, mother—I will not bring reproach upon our name.

JED.—(*coming forward and taking her hand*) Go to him, Becky. Can't you see w'at orto be? Do you think so mean o' the lad as to b'lieve he'll give you up becuz of meddlers? We're made o' better stuff than that, gal. Ef ever I've done you a turn—ef you owe me anything at all, don't hold off an hurt yourself an' him an'—me. Look at him there, not hisself becuz of it all. It'll be worse, gal, afore it's better.

RE.—(*with eyes on Tris.*) And have you suffered, too?

TRIS.—Shall that which is mine suffer and I be merry? You are o'er young yet to believe in the shallow fickleness of man, and to prove the deep foundations of your maiden faith—that at least can be my glorious task. I, too, must

guard an unstained name against reproach—I must prove to my father that he has not bred an ignoble son. But that is my secret, understood of none, for even you are far, far off, unheededful of the deeper diapason of our lives. When the heart that is now in bondage to the erring brain shall free itself, I will be waiting.

RE.—Ah, there is bitterness and blame in this. Suppose we err—the poor, distressed brain is fallible. My Mother, guide me. Shall I not speak with him out of my heart? Is it not right that I should smooth the way?—

MRS. S.—Beware! Once within the reach of his arms now and she is lost beyond self-rescue—you know that, Mrs. Joyce.

PROF.—(*wrathfully*) Beware! Lost! What are you talking about, woman! Richard, why don't you stop all of this? Isn't it as plain as the nose on your face—have I not demonstrated by sound reasoning based on abundant data that complex elements in the respective natures of these two individuals constitute between them a very high degree of adaptability? and have I not shown that this adaptability is the cardinal factor in the mating principle? If that is the truth what else do you contend for? Look here, sir (*leading Re. to him*), can you give any good reason why you should not be proud and grateful to have this good, pure-hearted girl for a daughter?

B.—(*taking her hand*) Do not shrink from me, child. You think me hard. Well, perhaps—perhaps; but I ever do the right as I see the right, by direct methods and in few words. Perhaps I erred. Look up child—the stern man with the silvered hair, whose nature is closed to so much, still has his needs: there is a void in his lonely heart which only a daughter can fill. (*Kissing her*) Go, my girl, where your heart directs. (*Tris. and Re., c.*)

TRIS.—Ah, the world is a good world. Did I not say that Love, the Sovereign, must come unto his own? Surrender thou, sweet rebel!

RE.—Ah, hold me—hold my two hands close; give me warmth—it has been so cold and dreary. (*The grey of dawn has gradually been succeeding to the moonlight. Jed pushes large center door fully open, showing landscape beyond.*)

JED—The day is breakin', clear as a bell. (*Lark sings*).

TRIS.—Re! Re! Do you hear the lark?

RE.—I heard him before when he was in the farther fields. The lark is glad.

TRIS.—And the dawn, the dawn, breaking over God's world! Look!—the mellow amber in the east!—the reeking woods and powdered meadows! (*Other faint lark notes, increasing in frequency till all are blended in one continuous rippling melody, mingled with this the songs of robins and pipings of many birds*). And hark! the thousand larks and all the jubilant heralds of the fresh young day! Oh, soul of my soul, think of the many dawns that are yet to be!

JED—(*coming down*) Tris, lad—

TRIS.—(*with Jed's hand*) Ah, Jed, my more than friend, in the midst of it all I do not forget!—I do not forget!

JED—All's well, lad. My little Becky's happy; an' as fer me—it's a fine day with plenty o' work ahead!

PROF.—(*with Rebecca's hand*) My dear child, you are *rara avis*—I am proud to be your uncle (*kissing her brow*). Tristram, you have never shown the respect for philosophy and rigid thinking that you should have. You now see, do you not? what I have done for you by the careful exercise a qualitative ratiocination.

HICKS—(*coming forward; aside*) My heart's not in this, and I'm not feeling very good, anyway, but congratulations are always in good form. Boyd, let me congratulate you.

MRS. S.—(*going*) As for me, take note that I do not countenance such a *mesalliance* for one moment, and I wash my hands of you all! (*Exit*).

CURTAIN.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 604 988 3